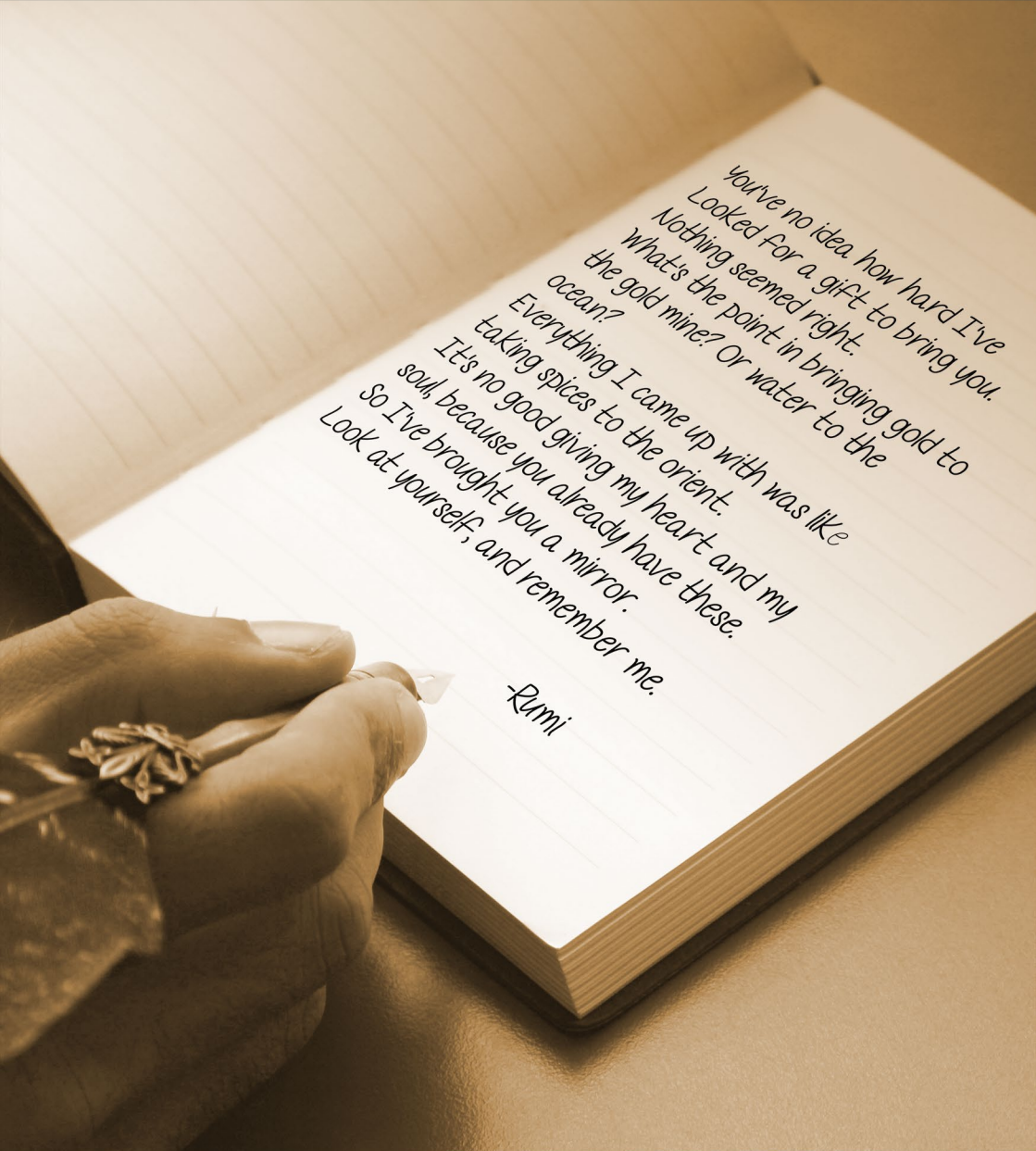


Soul's Sustenance

A close-up photograph of a hand with a silver ring, holding a pen and writing in a lined notebook. The notebook is open, and the text is written on the right page. The lighting is warm and soft, creating a cozy atmosphere.

You've no idea how hard I've
Looked for a gift to bring you.
Nothing seemed right.
What's the point in bringing gold to
the gold mine? Or water to the
ocean?
Everything I came up with was like
taking spices to the orient.
It's no good giving my heart and my
soul, because you already have these.
So I've brought you a mirror.
Look at yourself, and remember me.

-Rumi

Soul's Sustenance

BY
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Preface

The publication of this compilation is for the purpose of raising funds for a kidney transplant. It came about as an idea when I was presented with the case of Hira, an 18 year old relative in Pakistan who has been diagnosed with kidney failure.

She is a cheeky and bubbly young girl whom I met a few years ago. Hailing from a meagre background, her family were understandably distressed when they discovered their youngest and most beloved daughter had been diagnosed with a condition that previously saw their two other daughters away.

Therefore, I intended to do what I could in my limited powers and that was to reach out to the kind souls the Almighty had bestowed my acquaintance with. All praise is to Allah, the response was humbling, and this booklet became part of the fundraising project.

This is a selection of poems I have written over the years, some are my personal favourites and others have been requested by you.

My deepest and sincerest gratitude goes out to everyone who supported this cause but there are a few people I really could not have done this without and their unwavering support has been a pillar of strength through and throughout.

Zeyn and Nabil Ahmed have been pivotal in the production of this book, and I present my humblest thanks to them. The creative and wise inspiration from Iffet Rafeeq also cannot go without being acknowledged.

Many others have provided their love, support and commitment to my poetry and this project from the shadows and would prefer to remain anonymous. To them all, your reward is with Allah, the All-Seeing and All-Knowing.

Thank you.

Glory be to He

Merciful is He,
Who will forgive me,
For the sake of his prophecy.

The Pure is He,
From defect free,
The source of all purity.

Majestic is He,
And the most kingly,
To Him belongs all Sovereignty.

The Just is He,
Whose guidance tree,
Shades the entire humanity.

All-Knowing is He,
The One Who can see,
From beyond all eternity.

Truth is He,
From Who you can't flee,
For He is the only Reality.

All-Wise is He,
Who writes the decree,
Of every conceivable eventuality.

Greatest is He,
My Lord Almighty,
The One and Only Divinity.

Creator is He,
When He says "be",
Existence comes into entirety.

The Perfect Order

In the perfection of
The universal order,
He is the One
Without a border.

In everything, He
Shows us His Signs
Of divine structure
And perfect designs.

Glorious glimpses
Of the Divine Being
Seen in timeless
Moments that go fleeing.

Read His Words
And you'll see Him call
Towards His Mercy
And Love for all.

We have forgotten
The oath we once swore,
Yet He abides by His,
Sustaining the rich and poor.

Love Him for success
And blissful laughter
So you could see Him
Dawn in the Hereafter.

In the perfection of
The universal order,
He is the One
Without a border.

Salutations Upon The Beloved

O Allah! Exalt the Beloved
With Your Endless Praise
And upon him salutations
In unique and infinite ways.

O Allah! Send upon him
Blessings from dawn till dusk,
And fragrance his remembrance...
With scent sweeter than musk.

O Allah! Glorify the Prophet
Through the depths of the nights,
And elevate his glorious star
To the greatest of great heights.

O Allah! Bless our Master
With the most auspicious blessings,
And augment light upon light
On his celestial dressings.

O Allah! Salutations upon
The Possessor of the Keys;
The Beholder of Truth
With a perfect eye foresees.

O Lord of All the Worlds,
Peace and blessings upon him,
His noble family and friends,
Of whose light will never dim.

صلى الله عليه وسلم

The Only Path

All paths are dark unless the Prophet lights them,
Illuminating the heart like a crystal clear gem.
The harmonious string touches the heart's chord,
He is the only Path to the Almighty Lord.

A moonlit smile displaying resplendent pearls,
The heart who sees, ascends in intoxicated swirls.
The Embodiment of Light excels in every beauty,
Deepest adoration for him is an obligatory duty.

A path without the scent of the beloved's fragrance,
Leads towards the stench of misguided ignorance.
A heart that doesn't beat in rhythm of his love,
Is utterly useless like a one winged dove.

All roads to Allah go through the doorstep of Madina,
A destination unreachable without the beloved's subpoena.
The body, soul and mind in unified obedience,
Protected by love; sheltered from deviance.

صلى الله عليه وسلم

The Mercy of both Worlds

The Creator created the most creative creation,
To Muhammad He bestowed the highest station.
In his palm the universe, in his sight the history;
Muhammad is the key that unlocks every mystery.

Sent as a merciful emissary not only to mankind,
The message reached animals and jinns combined.
The entire creation relishes in Allah's great favour,
His love makes the lost heart passionately braver.

The beloved of Allah will be the most beloved for all,
At his feet the dejected, on that Day will fall.
At the Fountain of Kauthar, the best and the worst,
From the benevolent hands, they will quench their thirst.

Let the flame of love ignite deep inside,
Mention his name when in Allah you confide.
He is the path to eternal Mercy and Grace,
The beholder of a soul-healing beautiful face.

صلى الله عليه وسلم

The Light

And when God said
“Let there be light”
His Beloved was born,
As the first ever sight.
And for aeons on end
He shone ever so bright,
Prostrating before,
The Lord of All Might.
And when mankind
Approached its darkest night,
God sent His Beloved,
To make things right.
He came as a mercy
Against injustice he'd fight,
And for the oppressed,
He was their heart's delight.
And the revelation came
In an embrace so tight,
The Unlettered spoke
When asked to recite.
Our Beloved sits
At the highest of height,
The only to be honoured
With God's special invite.
Glory be to God
For letting there be Light,
And giving me a Beloved
About whom I could write.

صلى الله عليه وسلم

The Prophetic Beauty

From his beauty all beauties originate,
The exemplar of utmost perfection.
So unique is the being of Muhammad,
As though his desire was God's selection.
The eyes bewitched by Yusuf's charm,
Turn to dust if they had set upon,
The beautiful face full of radiance,
Shining majesty of sheer brilliance.
The moon and the sun humbled by,
Comparisons raising their status high,
Of Companions who likened them,
To the splendour of the Prophetic Gem.
One look at his aurora, one at the moon,
And the companion declared in a swoon,
The moonlit beauty could not come close,
To the excellence of our dear Musk Rose.
Shimmering locks like a starry sky,
Redness of nebula in the prophetic eye.
Heavenly is the Seer of Unseen,
The contentment behind a heart serene.
No eye has seen, no eye will see,
Majestic beauty at such a degree.
His entire being one of a kind,
A like of who you will never find.

صلى الله عليه وسلم

Servant to the Master

The blessing for which I am most indebted,
Despite the hardship I've never regretted,
That Allah granted me the esteem of a servant,
To a master whose compassion is most fervent.

The whole world's wealth and woes to the side,
I have a beloved master in whom I can confide,
For he cares when there is no other friend,
And only he to the sinners will come to defend.

Peace and tranquillity is the wage one earns,
In mesmerising love when the servant yearns.
As an array of lights emanate from my belief,
The Prophet of Mercy is the key to my relief.

My endless gratitude to the Almighty Lord,
For the recognition of Muhammad as a reward,
And writing my name in the Book of His Decree,
As a sinful servant in the Prophet's community.

Peace be upon you

Peace be upon you,
O Beloved Chosen One,
Upon you salutations,
O Light Giver to the sun.

Peace be upon you,
O Embodiment of Truth,
Upon you salutations,
O Reliever from ruth.

Peace be upon you,
O Illuminating Apostle,
Upon you salutations,
O whose Mercy is colossal.

Peace be upon you,
O Jewel of the Creation,
Upon you salutations,
O Prophet of Every Nation.

Peace be upon you,
O Mercy to Mankind,
Upon you salutations,
O Exemplar of the refined.

Peace be upon you,
O Fountain of Solace,
Upon you salutations,
O Who is completely flawless.

صلى الله عليه وسلم

The Yearning of the Beloved

It is the way of Bilal
To feel the pangs of separation,
And yearn for the Beloved
In tears from his migration.

It was Khalid's belief
Victory rested in the Master's hair,
And he became the sword
Not a single enemy could bear.

The wet eyes of noble Ayub
Testify his love for the Veiled One,
Separated by vision not heart,
To his beloved he would always run.

Abu Bakr could not part
Knowing death will embrace him soon,
He sought to reside eternally
Next to his companion like a moon.

They all yearned for him
Far more than we ever could,
But the Beloved yearned too
For us, if we truly understood.

The Flawless

How can I describe,
The flawless noble ways,
My words are nothing when,
The Quran is in your praise.

Many an ink depleted,
Many a volume compiled,
Many a poet impassioned,
Many a heart has smiled.

From Hasan to Tabrezi,
Rumi to Bulleh Shah,
Smitten by the beauty,
Of a flawless bright star.

Everything about you,
Is perfection of perfection.
How can this not be,
When Allah is your protection.

And to the full moon,
Wrongly you're compared,
You are unblemished,
The scarred moon is impaired.

Even those who tried,
To pick a flaw in you,
Fell on their knees,
After truly knowing you.

Divine Love

To whom belongs no beginning or end,
Upon whose grace the besotted depend,
An Everlasting, Eternal connection,
Divine love of enveloping perfection.

The illuminations of purity and devotion,
Engraved in their hearts deeper than an ocean,
Love is the embodiment of Hassan Hussain,
Zahra and Haidar complete Muhammad's chain.

Love is the blood on the Karbala plains,
Love echos "the One" through burning pains,
Love is the faith through melting skin,
Love is the shadow through thick and thin.

Love is the companionship of the cave,
Love is the weeping of a heartbroken slave,
Love becomes the rightly guided best,
And embraces enemy arrows in its chest.

The sweetness in the divine affirmation,
Love consists of the sacred foundation,
And without Him its existence cannot be,
He is the foundation, for Love is He.

The Wise Lion

Ferocity was a necessity yet
Deep in the enclaves of his heart,
Sprouted fountains of wisdom,
In chalices of virtue he'd impart.

If Ali is the door to wisdom,
The hinges are Hasan and Hussain,
They are the two shoulders
Under his magnificent gold mane.

The beholder of divine secrets,
Shining under the prophetic light,
The unseen became visible
Through the orb of his foresight.

Ali is the portal to an ocean
Where a single drop is a mighty sea,
He is that remote island
Where grows the knowledge tree.

Ali is a sanctuary of patience
In him resides a peaceful calm,
He is the father of sainthood,
And he is the first child of Islam.

Bilal

O Bilal,
How must it have felt,
As tears streamed down,
And your heart melt?
No longer with these eyes
Could you see,
The brilliant moonshine of
The beloved Nabi.

O Bilal,
Do you remember the day,
Standing behind,
The beloved you'd pray,
And your voice echoed,
The blessed streets,
Soothing the souls
And the heart beats.

O Bilal,
In the heat of,
The scorching sand,
They tortured you,
When it was banned,
To say Allah is One,
And you did not shake,
Your heart so strong,
They could not break.

O Bilal,
Do you remember
The beloved's embrace,
When you became,
A part of his grace?
Saving you from
The torments of disgrace,
Buying your freedom
And beautifying your face.

O Bilal,
Your love exceeds
Every ocean and sea,
For the master who
Set you free.
And when you left
Your beloved's home,
He called you back
To the blessed Green Dome.

O Bilal
If only we could love
A fraction like you,
Our hearts would be
Sincere and true.
You are the master
Of all the lovers,
In your footsteps
True love one discovers.

The Caged Bird

The caged bird yearns to be free,
To sing again on the fruitful tree,
To meet his Beloved where no one can see,
To be one again like the ocean and sea.

The cage serves its purpose although,
Its Creator magnifying a majestic glow.
So enriched is the bird by the feeding hand,
For a moment he forgets about the promised land.

He begins to make the cage his home,
Venerating it like a prestigious dome.
He decorates his prison with such love,
Changing his appearance to a wingless dove.

The bird is the soul and the body is the cage,
Their story is written on an empty page,
One day freedom will embrace the caged bird,
The story will be complete with the divine word

This too shall pass

Ships of fortunes rock,
Under the waves of tribulation,
Stormy seas of destiny
Bring out life's dark frustration.
But this too shall pass.

Everything passes here
In this life of ever-changing skies,
Even after heavy showers
The clouds part and the sun
dries.

The ghosts of the past
Haunt the mansions of our peace,
Bringing grief to eyes
And salty rivers begin to release.
And this too shall pass.

Take comfort in knowing
That this time too shall pass,
Our landscape will again
Freshen like the green grass.

The icy encounters with
The cold icebergs of this world,
When rocks of words
And stones of abuse are hurled.
And this too shall pass.

Nostalgic memories
Of precious moments long gone,
Ripping hearts apart
When loss of love we dwell upon.
And this too shall pass.

The tornadoes of life
Sweep everything we own away,
Leaving us alone behind
With nothing more to do than
pray.
And this too shall pass.

Turn to Him

When you lose faith in humanity,
And trusting feels like insanity,
Be the lighthouse in a stormy sea ,
And turn to Him, the Lord Almighty.

When the quicksand pulls you in,
Drowns you under the weight of sin,
Reach out towards the divine rope,
And turn to Him, for He is hope.

If love betrays, killing you inside,
There's no one in you can confide,
Don't forget why you are here,
To turn to Him, for He is near.

When loss causes you painful despair,
And all you can breathe is dense air,
Remind yourself to Whom you belong,
Turn to Him, He'll make you strong.

If your voice is silenced and unheard,
People see you through vision blurred,
Hold firm and wipe away the tear,
And turn to Him, Who can always hear.

In moments of happiness and sorrow,
Turn to Him, for who knows tomorrow,
The joys of today may make us cry,
And the tears in patience make us fly.

The Mirage

The conjuring beauty
And its subtle allure,
A web in which
Many entangled before,

This world is a mirage
Of our deepest desires,
We kindle in it
Our warmest fires.

Our reached out arms,
And grasping hands,
Catch nothing but
The trickling sands.

Many wishes begin
In splendour and awe,
Leaving you wanting
More and ever more.

This world is a mirage,
Which never satisfies,
The more you want it,
The bigger its lies.

O heart, wake up!

O heart, wake up!
Before you die in your sleep,
Who will then wipe,
The tears when you weep?

Attached to the world,
And all to it that belongs,
O heart, wake up!
From the slumber of wrongs.

Don't be deceived,
By the tricks of the mind,
You're not awake,
O heart, you are just blind.

Life is of three days,
Your past, present and tomorrow,
O heart, wake up!
Before you awaken to sorrow.

Swim through ambitions,
And make this ocean yours,
O heart, just remember,
The next life is at the shores.

O heart, wake up!
And plant the seeds of growth,
Remember your Lord,
Honour the soul's forgotten oath.

Peace be upon you

Peace be upon you,
O Beloved Chosen One,
Upon you salutations,
O Light Giver to the sun.

Peace be upon you,
O Embodiment of Truth,
Upon you salutations,
O Reliever from ruth.

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O Prophet of Every Nation.

Peace be upon you,
O Mercy to Mankind,
Upon you salutations,
O Exemplar of the refined.

Peace be upon you,
O Fountain of Solace,
Upon you salutations,
O Who is completely flawless.

صلى الله عليه وسلم

Imprisoned

My heart is a prison
And you're its resident.
You're guilty as charged
Of crimes that are evident.
You've been convicted
Of stealing and genocide,
You've stolen my soul,
And killed me inside.
The sentence is harsh,
Life imprisonment isn't enough,
You're a prisoner forever,
Because this love is so tough.
It's too late to regret,
The deeds have been done,
O beautiful thief,
This prison only wants one.

YOU!

The Inspiration

You're the subject of
My bedazzled intrigue,
There's no other that
Pars to your elite league.

For you are magical,
A spellbinding mystique,
And in you resides
Every wishing star I seek.

You're the breathtaking
Aurora of my night sky,
Your sight lifts my spirits,
Giving me wings to fly.

You're the inspiration
Behind a poet's dream,
And the radiance that
Makes the lilies gleam.

I yearn for a touch
Of your benevolent hand,
To know you are real,
Not a whisper from dreamland.

Farewell Ramadan

I bid you farewell, my dear friend,
As your blessed visit comes to an end,
Who knows if destiny will reunite,
To worship together under the twilight.

You brought with you the Holy Book,
Upon ourselves you made us look,
Reconnecting hearts back to souls,
In abstinence we found our true roles.

The chance of a sincere repentance,
To free us from our prison sentence,
And purifying us from a single tear,
You're sent as clemency every year.

My honourable friend, from the King,
As an emissary, many gifts you bring,
If only your kind stay multiplied,
Like every deed when bona fide.

Forgive us for our neglecting ways,
For normalising these special days.
We mistreated you from time to time,
Yet you blessed us despite this reckless crime.

We hope to meet again once more,
Awaiting your company so we can implore,
To the Beneficent One who sent you,
As a means to make our hearts true.

Habeebi Ya Rasool'Allah

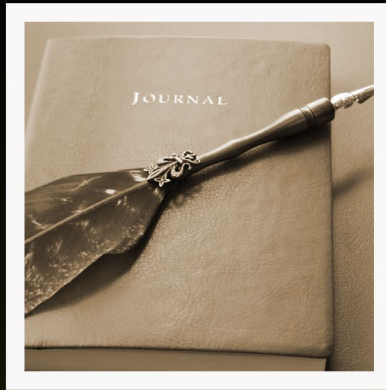
No mother has ever given birth,
An equal to your lofty worth,
You are the origin of perfection,
The cosmos is a mere reflection.

Truth is embedded in your being,
Truth is evident in your seeing.
You are the Lord's most cherished,
Before Time and after it's perished.

The angels sing your glorious praise,
The lovers remember your earthly days,
And the Lord Himself sends salutations,
Exalted are you in the highest stations.

Many compare you to the moon and star,
Nothing in creation comes close by far,
How can you be likened to anything?
Is a servant ever likened to a king?

صلى الله عليه وسلم



The selection of poems in this booklet aim to spiritually uplift, enlighten and warm the hearts of the reader. The poetry ranges from the exaltation of God to the beautified praises of the noble and beloved Prophet, Muhammad, peace and blessings of Allah be upon him. Also included are the poet's observations and understanding of the soul and life.

The compilation is intended solely to raise funds for a humanitarian cause, namely the kidney transplant for Hira, an 18 year old girl in Pakistan. Tragically, her family lost two daughters to the same illness and could not afford the transplant previously, thus the author endeavoured to promote this cause by publishing this booklet in an attempt to invoke generous contributions from its sales.